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THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.

The brooklet came from the mountain,
As sang the bard of old,
Running with feet of silver
Over the sands of gold!

Far away in the briny ocean
There rolled a turbulent wave,
Now singing along the sea-beach,
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow
Though they flowed so far apart,
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness
That turbulent, bitter heart!

—Longfellow.

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(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

W. W. Ferrier, - - - - - - - - - - Editor
2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

THE CHARM OF THE EXPOSITION.

A frequent visitor to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, having been asked to what building she gave the most attention, replied that she stayed outside the buildings most of the time, enjoying the charm of the whole. Others have said that they have not yet given any time to the exhibits, that such is the lure of the exterior that they have not yet been able to separate themselves from it to give attention to interiors.

Naturally the query arises, Why is it? Is this Exposition outwardly such a construction as to affect many people in this way. The present writer believes that it is, and that all persons with the artistic sense—and the mystic—are sure to find this the consuming attraction and to have a desire to revel in its outward charm to the neglect of the inner beauty and values. No matter what one may look on within he is not uplifted and enraptured as he is by the enfolding harmony without.

The exhibit palaces with their beautiful pillars and connecting arches, the statuary, the shrubs and trees and flowers, the waters of the bay, the hills beyond, the overarching blue, even the ever-changing skies as the clouds float over—all combine and blend in a harmony that invites the beholder to enter into unity with the unseen spirit of it all.

The Director of Architecture has stated that from the beginning it was realized that if a work of this kind was to be consummated with harmonious and beautiful results, architecture, sculpture, landscape and painting must be fused into a composite mind that should think as one. Each of these elements was regarded as of equal importance with the other, and no particular one was featured above the others.

An Eastern visitor, who was here just before the opening of the Exposition and viewed the buildings and grounds, remarked: "I have the most extraordinary feeling that all this belongs here and has always been here."

Art and nature have been combined so that they seem a part of each other. Taking the beautiful bay with its enchanting hills beyond, the islands therein, and the ocean as it is glimpsed through the Golden Gate—this as a natural setting,—the buildings and their surroundings have been so constructed and arranged as to seem a congruous part thereof.

Although the Exposition is not built on any single architectural style, yet there is to the beholder a sense of unity. In the architecture there are examples of nearly all the great periods from the Roman down through the Italian and French Renaissance, and yet there is harmony.

This is due to the fact that in every architectural period that which is best in architecture has followed the fundamental lines of construction. Accordingly the various styles do not clash when placed together. Students of architecture tell us that there is in the construction of the Exposition an illustration of the blending or transition of the different periods; and that the harmony is more apparent by having the coloring and landscape effects devised as if the whole were a painting on a single canvas.

Much of the harmony is due to the fact that to Jules Guerin, a master colorist, was entrusted the color-scheme; and an innovation of his has added greatly to the general effect. Never before was an entire exposition conceived and executed as a vast consistent and gorgeous composition in color.

Choosing as the basic material of the buildings an imitation of the travertine of ancient Rome—used in the construction of the palaces in the Augustan period, Guerin proceeded to make the architecture and art harmonize if possible with the natural colors of the setting— with the glorious beauty of sea and sky and hill and tree.

Guerin's color scheme is said to have included everything from the domes of the buildings down to the sand on the driveways. The artists who executed the mural decorations in the courts and on the great arches had to conform to this color scheme, and use his color series. If, for example, any one used blue, it must be cerulean blue; if red, it must be Pompeian red.

The aim was for harmony—individuality and yet a harmonious whole; harmony in individuality.

Such is the result that men and women, like the visitor quoted, not only have a profound impression that all this has always been there, so fitting it is in its setting, but that it is in some mysterious way a part of them and they a part of it. It finds them, and they rest in it, and are loath to tear themselves away from it. There is spirit and there is life in it. It lifts the soul away from material things and hints of things now thought of only as out of and beyond the body, but a prophecy maybe of what is yet to be even here on earth.

The Exposition—a vision? Yes, a vision, but also a reality!

All its natural harmony—all that it hints at of fraternity and brotherhood among men—all was meant to be for mankind, and all shall be.

Call it a dream, or a vision, who will, but men inspired by it will aspire and make the dream sometime a reality.

The Exposition will be educative in architecture, in civic planning and building, and all over the world the lessons here learned, the suggestions here received, will bear fruitage in beautiful and harmonious constructions which will delight the eyes of the beholders and will lift souls up into more of that all-enveloping harmony which lies at the heart of the universe and toward which all created beings are ever moving.

The poet Wordsworth, to whom it was given to enter in a rather unusual way into touch with the Unseen, wrote:

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thought; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man—
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

A BOOK WHICH IS STIRRING CONSERVATIVE PRESBYTERIANS.

Mention was made in The Pacific last week of a book by Lucius Hopkins Miller, Assistant Professor of Biblical Instruction in Princeton University, which has greatly stirred the conservative element in the Presbyterian Church. That which was given concerning the book was largely from criticisms of it in the most conservative of Presbyterian papers—The Presbyterian of Philadelphia. Since that article was published the present writer has seen the book, and desires now by a few excerpts therefrom to let it speak for itself. It is entitled "Our Knowledge of Christ—An Historical Approach."

We turn first to the concluding pages, and find Professor Miller declaring: "It was never easier than now to come to the conclusion that in Jesus—not in his teaching merely, but in himself, in his Person—we have the highest personal manifestation of spiritual life that the world has yet seen. This conclusion may be reached not only through the direct response the life of Jesus calls forth, but also by considering the age-long and ever-increasing command it has exercised over the hearts of men—a command which in these latter days even more than at earlier times is overleaping geographical, political and racial boundaries and is exerting its benign influence on man as man.

"What can we say, then, about a universe which has produced this wonderful phenomenon? What must we say? Are we not justified in holding that the essential nature of the organism is best revealed in this its finest flower? Are we not compelled to say that such things are not due to chance? If not chance, then what? At this point should we not bend the knee and recognize our God? And must it not be that such a God is essentially of the same spirit and purpose as the life through which we come to a belief in him? In other words, must not our God be like Jesus of Nazareth? He cannot be inferior to him and remain God; nor can we imagine a quality of life superior to that of Jesus. Thus the usual form of the problem is reversed. The modern question is not 'Is Jesus like God?' but rather, 'Is there a God of the same quality of life as that possessed by Jesus?' God is the X, the unknown quantity which we are seeking to determine, and it seems most reasonable to hold that Jesus is the known factor through which we are enabled to solve the problem.

"If all this is true, or in general accordance with the truth, then we are ready to use with intelligence, discrimination, and yet with whole-hearted self-commitment, many of the time-worn terms that have been hallowed by Christian usage. Especially may it be said that the language of the New Testament serves to express fittingly our proper appreciation of and our attitude toward, Jesus of Nazareth. We may call him Messiah, the Christ, the Son of God, the Revealer, the Savior, Lord and Master. In his varied functions he will be to us Prophet, Priest, and King. Nothing will be too high or too lofty to express our faith in him, our trustful attitude toward him, our recognition of his supreme and final place in the drama of life portrayed before our half-blind eyes upon the wondrous stage of God's great universe."

We have in the foregoing a conclusion to which Professor Miller's thinking has brought him. Let us see now what his thought is as to some of the time-honored doctrines.

After showing how the gospels came to be, and the purpose of their authors in writing them, along with the considerable interval between the death of Christ and the framing of the gospel records, he asks, "To what extent are these sources of information historically reliable?" And his reply is: "Two answers we may reject at once: one which says that all which is told us in the gospels is absolutely trustworthy; and the other which says that none of it is to be depended upon."

He takes up soon four questions which today are giving thoughtful men considerable concern. They are the virgin birth; the physical resurrection of Jesus; the miracles he is said to have performed; and the question to what extent the ideas of early Christians influenced their reports of Jesus' teaching.

After brief consideration of the New Testament statements as to the virgin birth Professor Miller says:

"Besides these difficulties, inherent in the New Testament writings, we today approach the question with a difficulty already raised in our minds as a result of science. Now, to be sure, biology cannot dispose of this matter by curtly saying: 'It could not have been.' No one can say: 'It could not have been'; but one may very pertinently ask, 'Was it a fact?' And the historical evidence would have to be very clear and strong to overcome the presumption biology rolls up against it. It is because the evidence is not clear and strong that we must leave the matter in abeyance, to say the least. Certainly we shall not stake our faith on a fact thus attested."

Professor Miller then declares that as a matter of experience we do not stake our faith on the truth of these particular accounts. "Our view of Jesus, whatever it may be, is controlled more by what he was in his own personality and by what he became than by our conclusions regarding the manner of his birth. And, in view of the other New Testament data, we may, perhaps, safely hold that the virgin birth was but one way, among several, by which the first Christians sought to explain what they already believed from their own experience, namely, that Jesus was the Son of God."

We gather from Professor Miller's brief study of the Resurrection that he inclines to a real objective appearance of Jesus, but that it was not physical and bodily but rather spiritual and psychic. He concludes, after contrasting Paul's account with those of the gospels:

"Science may cause us to pause before the more materialized accounts of the gospels, but she is at present rather more favorable than otherwise to the possibility of a distinct personal real and objective appearance of Jesus' spirit to his disciples after his death. That Jesus personally survived his death, we must believe or deny the heart of the Christian faith; that in his continued life he influences his followers in one way or another, we can easily believe; that the spiritual heavenly Lord appeared in a real and objective, though non-physical, way to the first disciples and to Paul, is by no means impossible to hold; that it was a flesh-and-blood appearance seems improbable."

Among the old views to which Professor Miller objects is that which makes a distinction between God and the Holy Spirit. He says: "A modern thinker, of any idealistic kind whatsoever, finds it hard, if he thinks about the matter at all, to differentiate between God and the Holy Spirit of God. God is not only 'a spirit,' but the Spirit; and where the Spirit of Holiness is, there is God." He asks: "What is the reason for, or the value of, differentiating them and then bringing them together again by means of a metaphysical formula which none can understand and which has no practical religious value that cannot be secured in another way?" He continues: "Whatever may be said for pluralistic views of the universe in general,

nothing can be said for that sort of pluralism which practically says: 'Let x equal y and y equal x; then x and y are identical and yet distinct.' This sort of thing may do very well on paper, but it does not touch real life. As a matter of fact the general trend of our modern thought is toward the unity of the final reality underlying the world; and in so far as this trend is actual, just so far do these ancient distinctions between God the Father and God the Holy Spirit become difficult to maintain."

When Professor Miller turns to the problem of describing Jesus' relation to God and the world, he says that it is in many respects an entirely different problem from that which confronted the Church Fathers.

"In fact much more recent phases of the problem are antiquated. The choice that is usually held out at present, of accepting historic Trinitarianism or of being classed as a Unitarian, is an incorrect way of presenting the issue. This false dilemma is due partly to mere polemic, partly to failure to understand the existing situation, and partly to the laziness or the legalism of minds which cannot get on without convenient categories which save time and effort. The issue today is simply between what is Christian and what is non-Christian. The choice lies between espousing the Christian view of life and paying homage to some other view. And by espousing the Christian view of life I mean making effetive in thought and in daily living Jesus' fundamental ideas of God, man, the world, and their interrelation—the ideas which we find controlling in his teaching and in his life."

While the author holds that it is this practical personal appropriation of the spirit of Jesus which is the principal thing, he states that the mind is justified in seeking the implications involved and in asking further, "What think ye of Christ?"

What he has to say on the Incarnation is foreshadowed in these lines:

"That God is continually incarnating himself in human life, a religious man must surely hold; and the one differentiating mark of the Christian believer is that he believes Jesus to have been the supreme incarnation of the God-life in man."

The belief in the necessity, for salvation, of a complete incarnation of God in human form, Professor Miller says, "has been due to a prior belief, namely, that human nature is essentially and entirely corrupt. In early Christian thought, beginning at least as early as Paul, the evident evil in human life was joined with the biblical story of the fall of man. The theory of the complete corruption and perverseness of man was the result. On such a theory it was natural to think of God as bringing salvation to man solely through a miraculous incarnation. Thus arose the necessity in the minds of the thinkers of that day for regarding Jesus as the God-Man,' in the historic meaning of the term, namely, 'God and man in one Person forever.' "

Aside from his quite advanced views as to the Resurrection, there is nothing new in the positions taken by Professor Miller, but everything is set forth in so admirable a manner—everything is so plain and so illuminative—that the book is bound to command wide attention and reading.

It is of great significance in that the author is in the chair of Biblical instruction in Princeton University, long an upholder of nearly all the old-tme theological dogmas. What will the outcome be? Will Professor Miller be ousted from the Princeton chair? Or does it mean that liberal theology is making considerable inroad in the Presbyterian Church and is likely to make much more?

THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S VISIT A WHOLESOME ONE.

The people of California have no reason to regret that Vice-President Marshall, instead of President Wilson, came to formally dedicate the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Mr. Marshall acquitted himself splendidly. His address, which will be found elsewhere in The Pacific this week, was an admirable one. John Temple Graves aptly said on the editorial pages of The Examiner:

"The Vice-President was almost inspired in that utterance in the great Court of the Universe. He rose to the great occasion with a comprehensive spirit, with a great catholic patriotism, with an international humanity, and with an almost inspired tongue. Neither Woodrow Wilson nor any other man could have made on this day at the Exposition a greater speech than that of the second officer who represented the American government.

"History, prophesy, humanity, civilization, sentiment, idealism, imagination and logic all held place in the great heart and mind of this great American on this great occasion."

During his sojourn here Mr. Marshall spoke many times, and always in such a manner as to win the hearts of those who heard him. He has departed, having made a large place for himself in the hearts of Californians in general, who will give him royal welcome whenever he may come thither again.

Unreservedly he gave himself to the people all the time he was here, and if any public man ever earned a good rest it was Vice-President Marshall while he was in California —in San Francisco and in San Diego. That he may have this rest, in Arizona, whither he has gone, with Mrs. Marshall, to remain several weeks, is the wish of the editor of The Pacific and countless others!

All in all the people of the United States are to be congratulated in that a man of such democratic ways as are characteristic of Mr. Marshall is now filling the next to the highest office in this republic.

Occasionally some editor of small calibre may misrepresent and sneer and ridicule for partisan purposes, as one insignificant sheet in this vicinity did, but such a visit as California has had from the Vice-President is wholesome. It will make for righteousness and for better government and for the welfare of mankind.

A COLLEGE IN THE SAGE BRUSH.

E. E. P. Abbott.

Thirty years ago the remark was often made in California that you must not form your estimate of a man by the appearance of the house he inhabited. You happened upon a tent or a barn and you might meet a gentleman who needed no introduction to convince you of his superiority. It became you to be humble, for, perhaps, you were conversing with a graduate of Oxford or one whose name was well known and honored in New England.

But as the years moved on, genuine worth could not longer retain its disguises. The environment here is peculiarly responsive, and is easily moulded into artistic forms. What a transformation we have seen on our Exposition grounds in San Diego within a few months! So cities and hamlets arise on every hand. It is to be expected that

the school and college have kept rapid pace with all this material progress.

I well remember my first introduction to Pomona College. It was commencement day—a commencement without a boy or girl graduate. The snow-peaked mountain tops, then as now, gave dignity to the landscape. But near at hand there was nothing to be seen but sage brush in a widely extended desert. The motto of old Dartmouth was especially applicable then—"Vox clamatis in deserto." Yes, there was one very conspicuous building, a pretentious hotel, that had never boasted host or guest. It had been erected with ambitious designs to help boom this tract of land; but it had shared the ill fortune of many a like enterprise in the universal collapse of values. It turned out, however, to the advantage of the new and moneyless college. Even promoters sometimes build wiser than they know. That day we shared in a generous collation; the dining room was cleared and turned into an assembly hall, where an informal address took the place of the commencement exercises that were to be in coming years. We vividly recall the modest beginnings; who can foretell all the wonderful development of the little seed that was planted there?

A few consecrated men of the Puritan type were possessed with the conviction that it was their mission to found a Christian College; and notwithstanding discouragement and financial embarrassment, they held to it, and some of them have lived long enough to rejoice in assured success. The child survived its early hardships and "continued," like Daniel, through various reigns; and now we can clearly see a divine purpose and a guiding hand. The incoming of general prosperity, that finally reached California in the late nineties, lifted this institution into a position of self-respecting independence. Prosperity has flowed in upon it even in strenuous times; and now it rejoices in a fresh endowment of a million dollars, which is a large sum of money for the little child to handle, that only a few years ago lay in swaddling clothes in the sagebrush of Claremont. Will the college continue to live after all this good fortune? Certainly, if it is a Christian college. President Angell of Ann Arbor advises that in the West we follow Harvard's example, and on no account allow a rich man to die honorably without a bequest to the college. "Nor," he added, "if he fails us will we allow him a second probation." That was said when certain theological questions were discussed with no little heat.

But money has not been of first consequence at Pomona. With every temptation to become secularized, she has constantly held to her original high ideal of scholarship. Dropping her academic department, and raising her requirements for admission and successful standing, her enrollment has proportionally increased, and this notwithstanding the enormous growth of our great State universities.

At the founding of the college the tide had strongly set towards what was called a "practical education." Spencer's book on "Education" was in the hands of all our educators; and the utilitarian idea was all-influential in philosophy and pedagogics.

"Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind."

It was implied that the Christian college had passed its day; the very term was an incongruity; the scientific method must be the final test. Must not the truth be weighed or resolved in the crucible? Even the small chapel could hardly find a place in the quadrangle, nor Christ a room in the modern scheme of culture, unless it be in the way of patronage. But the door cannot long be shut upon the unavoidable Christ. We feel we stand at the dawn of a new day; surely, a better philosophy holds now the ascendency; and thoughtful men are insistent that we must give our children an education that is not superficial. The intellect is one God-given faculty of the soul; but it is not all. It is not a mere question of the Bible in the schools; we have to do with the whole person and we must reach down to the very depths. Naturalism and intellectualism cannot do the work. There must be a new birth. Never was the searching question so pertinent as now—whether in Germany or America: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" Eucken, as few others, helps us to solve the question as to a sound education: "We are concerned not with the development or adornment of the natural self, but with the gaining of the new self."

I have just laid down Prof. C. B. Sumner's "History of Pomona," published by the Pilgrim Press. No man has been so intimately indentified with the college through all its history; and it is fortunate that he has been spared to crown his life-work by this interesting narrative, every page of which is to him a work of love. Perhaps his very familiarity with all the details, and his participancy to any other, might seem a disqualification for the task of a historian. But though he takes his standpoint, he shows but little bias and always manifests a wise self-restraint. Certainly, he is too modest, in the narrative of self and those most closely related to him. It is the first history of Pomona; and whatever may be written in the future will be greatly indebted to these early annals. It is a matter of congratulation that a few who have been connected with the school from the beginning are still active and efficient in their work in Claremont. The president, Dr. Jas. A. Blaisdell, seems to have been trained especially for his high office; and he easily holds the pre-eminence.

Those whose lives have synchronized with the life of the college will find in this book much food for reflection.

How rapidly the terms of study pass and how soon comes on the final graduation. But the permanent fruit abides. How many of these men and women whom we knew so well, like Dr. Arnold, were not "saved alone." The many names and events recorded in these pages, pass, but the college, now mature and amply endowed, lives on. We think of it as a kind of personality of its own, with its representatives already in the four quarters of the globe. Dr. McLean loved to compare Pomona to Jacob's well, which the patriarch long age dug with his own hands; and now, after thousands of years, it continues a living fountain that fails not to refresh the succeeding generations of men!

"Spring up, O well! Sing ye back to heaven!
Well, which the princes digged,
Which nobles of the people delved
With the sceptre and with their staves."

AN OPPORTUNITY TO HELP THE WORKING-PEOPLE.

Pastors and laymen of California are kindly asked to write at once to their state Senator and Assemblyman and urge them to support the Flaherty-Ferguson One-day-rest-in-seven bill. This bill was drafted by the Weekly Rest Day League, representing the churches, and it has the endorsement of the State Federation of Labor. This is an opportunity for the churches to help the working classes.

VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL'S ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATORY SERVICES OF THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

I crave your sympathy and your charity while for a few brief moments I stand here commissioned to take but not to fill the place of the President of the United States.

A consecration to duty helps to dull the edge of personal sorrow. In justice to the day, Woodrow Wilson should be here. The office and the man would each fittingly grace this occasion. You regret no more keenly than do I his absence and the lack of his words which would move and thrill and satisfy you. But duty said to him that justice

Entrance to Court of The Four Seasons from Court of Palms

to all the people bade him stay in Washington.

You hope for continued peace. Do not forget that he is your greatest peacemaker. May the truth that he seek your good rather than his own or your pleasure, lighten the disappointments of this hour. Before the sunset bell shall proclaim the close of this marvel of the twentieth century, the President hopes to meet you face to face. Meanwhile I shall not long impose upon your patience.

The unfaiths are rapidly disappearing. The impossible is constantly succeeding. The agnostic may survive this age but the doubter dies with it. A dream is no longer a figment of the imagination. A thought has ceased to be a mere vagary of gray matter. A deed is as much the unreal as it is the real. No longer do we laugh at dreams, sneer at thoughts and accept only completed work. The hour stands not so much aghast as amazed. The wonderful has become the commonplace and the unhoped for hourly arrives.

To-day, within this Golden Gate and on the shores of this Sea of Peace, the world, at sight of this Exposition, reaches a true perspective. The mistaken views of history have at last been corrected and the historian has at last found the true light, after centuries of wilderness wanderings after false ones.

Civilization here bursts abloom with every promise of the finest fruitage. This Exposition is not an accomplished fact. It is a crystalized thought. Each building is not so much wood and steel and stone and bronze and gold. Each is a dream.

For aye the world has been glad to doff its hat to those who in the realms of mind or matter have pointed out the ways in which the sons and daughters of Adam have longed to walk, and always the world has been ready with hammer and nail and cross to crucify the finders of those paths wherein custom has not taught humanity to walk.

Thus far, the ages have doubted the dreamer, have listed him among the incompetent, have smiled or sneered as fancy moved them, and have boldly declared that real worth to humanity comes from the fashionings of the hard headed utilitarian. To-day, we see how false that view has been, and at last the dreamer comes into his own, the real vanishes, the vision becomes the substantial.

California is a State of mystery, of seeming madness and method, a State replete with art, science, literature, law, order and material prosperity, of marvelous accomplishment. What others took to be the mutterings of a mighty man in sleep, she has made the all-compelling language of her people.

This Exposition had to be to justify in the mind of man the potency of dreams and visions over mere material things. It is in consonance with the record of this people. Sometime in the hurrying rush of restless men it had to be, but it came sooner than it otherwise would have come because some one dreamed that here in this sun-kissed clime there lay the seven cities of Cibola. Nor should we on this occasion forget that this land's early discovery and colonization to the honor of the Spanish crown and to the glory of God were largely due to the dream that north of Mexico there was an Anian Strait extending from east to west.

Surely he should not be charged with being merely poetic in mind who on this occasion boldly declares that California is the product of a dream and that this Exposition is the composite photographs of dreamers. The seven cities of Cibola have become seventy-and-seven cities of culture, wealth and character. The dream of the Anian Strait has become a reality, south of Mexico it is true, but nevertheless a reality called the Panama Canal.

In the far-off and good year of 1776 in which many of our ancestors were engaged in the task of formulating principles of government for mankind, organizing a new republic, making preparation to dissolve the ties which bound them to the mother country and proclaiming that there were certain rights inalienable by man, rights of which he could not be deprived by prince or potentate or power, of which he could not be divested by judicial decree, nay, more, rights of such inestimable value to the race that in justice to posterity he could not voluntarily cede them away, here upon this western shore, the cross was being erected, the mission bells were being rung and the democracy of the Nazarene was being taught.

Upon our eastern shore then began for those who dwelt there the democracy of life and here upon this western shore began for its natives the democracy of immortality. It was no more possible to keep apart the East and West permanently than it was to destroy the dream that the democracy of life may pass through the channel of faith to the democracy of immortality. In the life of the republic as in its religion, each is the other's complement.

How fitting that the old dream of uniting the Atlantic and the Pacific by a waterway should with pomp and ceremonial be celebrated here upon the western shores of the republic. The democracy of Statecraft has crossed the continent that it may clasp the hand of the democracy of Faith.

This is the land of the pioneer and the pathfinder. It has been suggested that his work is done, that he rests from his labors and that men now know where and how to go. If there were an end to pathfinding, this would be a day of funeral sorrow rather than of unbounded exultation. But it is not so. The pioneer and the pathfinder will be as needful for the future as they have been to the past. Men walk ofttimes when they stand still, and they go farther in dreams than in thoughts or deeds.

The mission of the republic is vain if it be not to bring the blind by a way they know not, to lead them in paths that they have not known, to make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. And none of these things can be done without vision and thought.

I am sure I express the thought of the President and the hope of the American people when I say that our canal was built not alone for glory or great gain, but with a sincere desire to make the whole world kin. There are two gospels now instead of one—the gospel of good will has been supplemented with the gospel of personal contact. The gospel of good will continues to be supreme, but nothing will help it preach so loudly as those human agencies which eliminate distances, blend languages and give us sight as well as knowledge each of the other.

Unwittingly to themselves, perhaps, yet nevertheless surely, Watt, Stephenson, Fulton, Morse, Bell, Marconi and Goethals have been called to the discipleship of democracy. Each has heeded the call. Each has seen his vision, dreamed his dream, thought out his purpose and achieved.

I am quite sure that I am but one of a countless throng in this republic who regret that this altrustic work has a real or seeming defect in the charge of an injustice done a sister republic to the South. Let us not be too much dismayed this day by reason of that fact. The American people are wise and they know he is not wise who is not just.

I look with confidence for the early arrival of that good hour when whatever wrong may have been done shall be righted and when there will be left no drop of bitter water to flow in that channel which unites the seas. If it spell not the friendship and confidence of all peoples, then have I been mistaken, for it will turn to be not the fulfillment of a dream, but the fabric of a nightmare.

Greece stood for glory and Rome for power; Germany stands for efficiency, France for art and England for constitutional liberty; but America has no right to be unless she stands for man and for the rights of men. A people who dedicate this canal, and a State that built this Exposition to commemorate that work, are not engrossed with the mere material.

No one despises the luxury here everywhere apparent. No one sneers at the pomp and ceremonial of this occasion. Everyone rejoices that the republic has such a State as California and that California has always had a citizenship which dared to follow its dreams and make of them imposing realities.

Wealth does not destroy a people. Luxury does not necessarily enervate. A people dies when it loses its vision, when it ceases to dream its dream and when from its loins there come forth no more pioneers and pathfinders.

From the first to the present President of the United States, whenever thought has been voiced upon the subject, that thought has been that we exist for humanity's sake as much as for our own, that we crave "friendly relations with all people and entangling alliances with none."

While half the world is in a rage indescribable and unutterable, seeking to build mounments out of clay kneaded in a brother's blood, sad-eyed and sober the goddess of our institutions seeks to hold out to a waiting world the olive branch of peace.

It has not been our mission to impress our laws, our customs and our civilization upon alien races. We have learned that while the code of ethics, morals and religion consists of the "thou shalt nots" of life, the few have feasted while the many grew faint. We have learned that it is not possible to force mankind to think as we think or do as we do. We strive only to hold the mirror up to nature.

We believe that the whole world moves toward a far off divine event and that our mission in that movement is to promote peace and good will. And we think the days here spent by those of other lands will greatly aid in that good work. And so, there is not a patriotic soul in the republic to-day who does not gladly give to the courageous and undaunted dreamers and builders of this mighty exposition his heatfelt thanks.

Ostensibly I am here in the name of the President of the United States to dedicate this Exposition in glorfication of the completion of the canal. Really, that waterway from its beginning was dedicated to the idea and the ideals of the republic. It has been builded by the sons and daughters of the men who sought to cross the Anian Strait, who looked not vainly for the seven cities of Cibola, who dreamed with confidence that law and order would come out of rapine and disorder and whose vision foretold that the gold of the mountain would be excelled by the gold of the wheatfield and the multi-colored products of orchard and vineyard. When the annals of the republic are written, they will not be forgotten, and their children will thus learn that the conservation of their fathers made this dedication possible.

Myself a dreamer, I hold it to be divinely true that their vision has not ended with this splendid work. The spirit of the republic's prophecy is upon them. They behold the goodwill of mankind and they see through this canal coming from all the ports of the earth to their own and going thence again, stately argosies bearing the comforts and luxuries of mankind. But they see more than this: On the deck of each ship to the eye of faith there is a pioneer and a pathfinder who will in ways we know not, open highways in the hearts of men along which will be borne the caravans that carry not only the peace and goodwill of the American republic, but also the rights of humankind, those rights which must be the heritage of every unborn child before the mission of the race is accomplished.

Here men of every age and every clime behold the noonday of the world's accomplishment, the crystalization of the

dreams and thoughts of genius and of talent. May we not hope that here a thought-dawn will be born that shall not cease to broaden until at its meridan light all men around the world are one?

A TRIBUTE TO THE REVEREND CHARLES F. AKED.

Anna Blake Mezquida.

Not like some perfect being set apart
And raised by mystic rite above mankind,
But one who visions God with clearer mind,
And speaks God's love from out a fuller heart,—
Your every word falls like a fiery dart
On sluggard brains, till truths once undefined
Stand manifest; and souls, to doubt inclined,
With hope renewed upon Life's highway start.

O minister of God, whose precepts reach
The hearts where sin and grief have left a scar,
That creedless faith and deathless love you teach
Have let us glimpse the Heaven's gates ajar;
O soul of flame, although the many preach,
But few may point the pathway to a star!

THE GENESIS OF THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE AND WHAT IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

Allan Sutherland.

In view of the remarkable progress which is being made by the Anti-Saloon League in its efforts to secure a saloonless nation and a stainless flag, it is well that something should be known of its history.

In 1846, Abraham Lincoln, then thirty-five years of age, prepared and signed the following:

Whereas, the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is productive of pauperism, degradation and crime, and believing it is our duty to discourage that which produces more evil than good, we therefore pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

Before that time, and since, until 1893, there had been more or less irregular, individual and local efforts made to overcome the rum traffic. Such widely-known temperance speakers as Father Mathew, John B. Gough, Neal Dow, Francis Murphy and Frances E. Willard, had exerted a strong influence againt it, but in spite of all that was attempted, the traffic increased, and liquor organizations were practically in control of many politicians and lawmakers of our land. Apathy and indifference dominated, as a class, even Christian men and women; they were divided among themselves; and although a number of states had adopted temperance measures during the half century before 1893, yet, for the most part, these measures were either repealed or not properly enforced.

In 1874, the Oberlin, Ohio, Temperance Alliance was organized, the object of which was "by all lawful measures to suppress the traffic in the use of intoxicating liquors." From this beginning, the Ohio Anti-Saloon League developed in 1893, and had "the courage and the faith to present a common platform for the members of all temperance organizations, holding a common creed, so far as the Christian attitude toward the liquor traffic was concerned, upon which all denominations might agree; advocating a common policy on which the good men of all parties might unite."

This was a most important step in the right direction, initiating, as it did, a unity of action which is sure of ultimate triumph.

The Ohio Anti-Saloon League was formally organized in 1893; and shortly after, the non-partisan organization known as "The Interdenominational Christian Alliance," of Ohio, was merged with it.

Within a year, some three hundred local organizations were formed, legislation influenced, a few local convictions of lawbreakers secured, a state-paper, the "Anti-Saloon" started, and other helpful activities inaugurated; the Anti-Saloon League had at last found a permanent footing as a state organization.

An organization, somewhat similar, had been formed about the same time in the District of Columbia, and had accomplished much good. In 1895, the American Anti-Saloon League was organized by the coalition of the Anti-Saloon Leagues of the District of Columbia and of Ohio, together with forty-five state and local temperance organizations. This League came into existence as a natural development of the reform spirit of the time. It was felt that the well-organized and powerful liquor organizations could be and should be overthrown.

Immediately after the inauguration of the Anti-Saloon League in 1895, the work of organizing the movement in the states was begun and vigorously prosecuted. During the next five years there were twenty states and territories in active sympathy with the movement. Affiliated agencies contribute most helpfully.

State after state has already taken action looking to the suppression of the saloon. Just now, Montana and South Carolina are struggling for the honor of being the nineteenth prohibition state, and whichever wins, the other will bring the count up to twenty. Ohio, in which the great organized temperance movement began, is making a gallant fight for the cause, and will doubtless be the twenty-first. The time is almost certainly near when not less than half our states will be safely within the prohibition ranks; and surely these will shortly show such beneficent results in the betterment of their people that all other states will hasten to confer a like blessing upon those within their borders, and our great country will have the glory of boasting that it is indeed and in truth a saloonless nation under a stainless flag.

To this end, the American Anti-Saloon League Convention, to be held in Atlantic City, New Jersey, July 6th to 9th, will contribute largely, and will be the greatest demonstration against the liquor traffic this country has ever seen.

WHAT BECOMES OF COLLEGE-BRED FARMERS?

What becomes of the college-bred farmers?

The University of California wanted to find this out, so it wrote recently to the sixty-eight young men who graduated last May from the four-year course at Berkeley in Agriculture.

And the answer was that the college-bred farmers go to farming, mostly.

So far fifty-eight have answered.

Thirty-three of these graduates of last May are at work on farms. Half of them hold responsible managerial positions. The rest are either working for themselves or se-

curing additional practical experience on successful ranches.

Six are continuing their studies at Berkeley, better fitting themselves for their life work.

Four are employed in the United States Department of Agriculture.

Six have gone into experiment station work in California or other states.

Eight are teaching better agricultural practice, in various high schools.

And one has married a county Farm Advisor.

Not one of those who have answered has left the profession for which he was trained—agriculture.

That these young men have been absorbed so quickly into various agricultural pursuits has greatly pleased the seventy young men who are to graduate in agriculture next May. From all over California land owners who appreciate the commercial value of having well-trained employees are writing to the University and asking if they can get some of this year's crop of young farmers.

The communities to which graduates of the College of Agriculture have gone want more. These men have been found commercially valuable to their neighborhoods. They are influencing the farm practices of their neighbors. Their technical knowledge and the profitable results of their methods are drawing the better people of the countryside to them. They throw their personalities into every effort for bettering rural conditions.

So this year's seventy are going to be much in demand.

RESURRECTION.

Mary Carruth Cunningham.

Buried in mystery; ...
Thy lovely living
Lighted an outward path:
I rose to Thy way.

Buried in error;
Thy words of wisdom
Charted the Heaven's blue:
I rose to Thy truth.

Buried in body;
Thy blessed breathing
Wakened my sleeping soul:
I rose to Thy life.

CONGREGATIONAL SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

A movement significant for Congregationalism and the Kingdom has just been started in Los Angeles, called the Congregational School for Christian service. It is an effort to recognize and train the devoted capabilities of our young people for many forms of Christian service; lay preaching, boys' and girls' organizations, church offices, social service. It is designed to compass the course in two years of three terms each, terms of ten weeks beginning in October, January and April. Sessions are held Tuesday and Thursday each week with three forty minute periods each evening. Each student therefore carries forward six courses of study, with one class a week in each. Thus a student may win six credits in each term, or twenty-six for the two years' work. Upon completion of the course a document will be given the student certifying work done and accrediting him to the confidence of the churches as his work may warrant. It is expected that practical service will go hand in hand with the study. The school will begin April 10th.

The first year the following courses are announced: "Teachings of Jesus and His Apostles," Dr. Wm. Horace Day; "Life of Christ," Rev. H. V. Hartshorn; "Teaching," Rev. R. B. Larkin; "Preaching," Dr. Morris H. Turk; ""Church Administration," Rev. Chester Ferris; "Applied Christianity," Dr. Geo. F. Kenngott, Dean of school, Rev. O. P. Avery is General Secretary, whose first proposal and tireless work have been invaluable to the project. In the second year Old Testament study will take the place of New Testament in the first two courses. Otherwise the work will be carried forward on the lines of the first year, with the addition of choral singing and choir direction, by Mrs. Kenngott. While students will be encouraged to do outside study, close application during class will enable pupils to fulfill the requirements. Indications are that not less than twenty young people will enter this first class. It should be added that a nominal regsitration fee of $1 per year will be charged and that the members of the faculty are giving their labors without recompense.

Some four years ago Mr. Larkin, the superintendent of the Conference, set forth the urgent need of lay preachers to enter the many fields opening constantly and beyond the financial ability of the Home Missionary Society to enter. His plea was for numbers of devoted laymen who, after the manner of English Methodists of Wesley's time and since, should go out to surrounding villages and suburban districts and conduct religious services. The present movement will help to answer that plea, and more We shall watch the enterprise with prayerful interest. Perhaps it is pointing the way which other Congregational centers may follow.

IMMIGRATION CONFERENCE IN LOS ANGELES.

Rev. Ray F. Carter,

Hollywood Congregational Church.

A Conference on Immigration under the auspices of the Home Missions Council, and under the leadership of Rev. William P. Shriver and Rev. Reuben L. Breed, was held in the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles Feb, 18-19. The Conference brought together about one hundred and fifty ministers and delegates from churches, and a number of persons representing civic and educational activities attended the session. The Conference was fortunate in having as one of its speakres Mrs. Frank A. Gibson, of the California State Commission on Housing and Immigration. Mr. C. C. Kelso of the Los Angeles Schools, who has done excellent work in preparing immigrants for intelligent citizenship, told of his remarkable and pionier work. Rev. Dana W. Bartlett, than whom no one is more familiar with immigrant conditions and every form of social effort in Los Angeles, gave largely of his time.

In a survey which was admitted\y partial and superficial because of the limitations of time, it was found that the numbers of foreign-born residents in Los Angeles and Southern California have largely increased in the last five years. The Mexican and the Oriental have been familiar figures on the streets of Los Angeles and every Southern

California city for many years, but very few besides those who follow up the foreigner for some particular reason were aware how large a number of people have come to us from the troubled sister republic to the south. Estimates vary greatly but there are at least 25,000 Mexicans in Los Angeles, with as many more scattered through Southern California. The squalor and crowding of many of these Mexican communities are most distressing and make them a real menace. Of Japanese there are fully 13,000 with a native-born contingent of at least 5,000. The Chinese number about 2,000.

The older immigration is most generously represented by the British. Then come the Germans, French and Scandinavians. The following figures indicate the strength of the various elements:

British, from the United Kingdom and colonies	55,000
Native-born of foreign parents	30,000
Germans, foreign-born	14,000
Native-born	17,000
French, foreign-born	4,000
Native-born	5,000
Scandinavians, foreign-born	15,000
Native-born	15,000

The large number of people from Southeastern Europe and the variety of nationalities represented aroused the deepest interest and led to much discussion. While the numbers are small compared with some eastern cities they are sufficiently large to arouse apprehension unless the Christian conscience can be energized to provide opportunities for transforming them into Christian citizens. Already there are large and well organized groups of exceedingly radical peoples living here, and they have all come for the most part in the last five or six years.

In the Slavic group there are, 500 Bohemians, 500 Slovaks, 2000 Poles, 7500 Russians, 2000 Servians, 100 Ruthenians, 100 Slovens, 10,000 Croatians, 300 Montenegrins, 100 Bulgarians. Of non-Slavs there are 15,000 to 20,000 Italians, of which a third are native-born, 1,500 Greeks, 2,000 Magyars, 200 Roumanians, 250 Letts, 20,000 Hebrews, of which about a half are native-born, 500 Syrians 2,500 Armenians. Of Arabs, Gypsies and Hindoos there are some 3,500.

It is interesting to note that of 6,059 school children in 13 schools only 1002 are American. The others are chiefly Mexican, Italian, Russian and Jewish.

The tale of the work being done by Protestantism for these 83,750 Slavs and non-Slavs is soon told. The First Congregational Church has the only work for Armenians. The Mexicans are ministered to by the Baptist, Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal South, Congregational, Nazarene and Presbyterian Churches in missions and preaching stations in and about Los Angeles. This work is fairly well developed although most of it is done in small and inadequate buildings. The United Presbyterians are reaching the Italians in a well housed work, and a very fine Episcopal settlement is also doing good work among the Italians. Chinese missions and schools are carried on in a comparatively small area by nine different denominations, suggesting some over-lapping of effort. The Nazarene, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Congregational and Christian Churches are at work for the Japanese. The Christian work is carried on in a plant costing $40,000 and is doing commendable service. The Baptists have two missions for Russians and two cosmopolitan missions representing seven or eight nationalities. The German people are really over-churched. The Scandinavians are well looked after in churches of their own.

This is a somewhat meager and disappointing summary so far as work for the newer immigrant is concerned. If the Conference has done nothing more than to bring to light just how little we are doing it has been worth holding. Thus far the work has developed without co-operation and planning, save the effort to reach Mexicans, which is guided by a conference of the denominational superintendents.

It developed that one very pressing need is for literature to use among immigrants. What exists is mostly controversial and many hesitate to use it.

A strong undercurrent of desire for a new type of co-operative effort was manifested a number of times, notably in the emphatic words of Bishop Bell, an effort which should unify, develop and utilize the resources of Protestantism in common service for foreign peoples. The time must come, if the task of creating Christian citizens out of the thousands of immigrants is to be carried through, when the Christian and social forces of the city shall unite for social, civic, educational and religious work among foreigners. Such an undertaking would provide opportunity for the spirit of service which is more and more seeking intelligent expression in all our churches, and would provide a field for the exercise of abilities which now find feeble expression in the conventional activities of churches.

Altogether they were two days of absorbing interest. We came to feel that these immigrants are real people and that they contain vast possibilities. Under the expert leadership of Mr. Shriver and Mr. Breed the discussions were to the point. One of the most notable things about the Conference was the very evident pleasure the delegates found in each others society. It leads one to wonder what it is that keeps Christian peoples apart! When they get together they love one another. Many a person went away from the Conference with not only a new view of the immigrant situation, but with a new hope in his soul that the day for genuine co-operation is at hand. We were all made thoughtful, perhaps a little sad, by the few things done for these peoples coming to us, and made eager for a more thorough, intelligent and comprehensive type of Christian effort. Whether the churches of Los Angeles became aware that they have a real task awaiting them is a question; but it is very certain that a good-sized group from the leading denominations of the city saw very clearly their duty and privilege in this matter.

The Conference appointed a Continuation Committee to follow up its work. Bishop William M. Bell is Chairman and Rev. Ray F. Carter is Secretary.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

People talk about special providences. I believe in the providences, but not in the specialty. I do not believe that God lets the thread of my affairs go for six days, and on the seventh evening takes it up for a moment. The so-called special providences are no exception to the rule—they are common to all men at all moments.—George Macdonald.

The Recording Angel does not care how often you open your Bible, but how you live its teachings.

THE HOTEL CLAREMONT.

People who are acquainted with the Bay Region will be greatly interested in the opening of the Hotel Claremont, partly because the huge building has been standing idle and unfinished for years at the foot of the Berkeley hills. It has seemed a conspicuous monument to the apparent folly of a group of men who undertook to build without counting the cost. One of the severest fights of recent years has been waged successfully in the legislature to prevent the passing of special legislation which would permit the hotel to open its doors in supposedly dry territory with license to sell liquor. Defeated in their purpose the men who were promoting the enterprise abandoned it as entirely impractical to operate so large a hotel without permission to sell liquor.

It is interesting that the plans have been entirely transformed through the genius of a woman of large faith and of extraordinary business capacity. Under the management of Miss Florence M. Nace the hotel which was intended to be one of the most magnificent and luxurious buildings in the West with its huge porches, its large sunny rooms, its convenient location at the end of the Key Route line is to be opened May first at popular prices without any effort or desire to evade the law as to the sale of liquor.

The Claremont nestles against the Berkeley hills in an exceedingly beautiful park of twenty-six acres. It affords one of the most glorious views anywhere to be found in the world, overlooking San Francisco, the Exposition and eight counties around the bay. Those who are interested in the best things will sincerely hope it may be made a great success. RAYMOND C. BROOKS.

THINGS YOU MAY WISH TO KNOW ABOUT THE HOTEL CLAREMONT.

From it there is direct service to the Exposition grounds by way of the Key Route. The Southern Pacific electric lines lead to it by transfer to the Ashby Street car line. Easy of access from all railway stations.

Prices for Rooms.

Small sunny outside rooms may be had for $1.00 per day.

Rooms with detached bath accommodating two persons may be had for $1.00 a day for each person. Rooms accommodating three uersons for 75 cts. a person; and rooms accommodating four persons for 50 cents a person.

Rooms for two or more persons, with bath, $1.50 a person.

Parties may be accommodated in suites. All are large, sunny, outside rooms.

One whole floor is devoted exclusively to women. Cultured women whose pleasure and duty it is to make guests feel at home will be in attendance.

There will be both dining-room and a cafeteria, where meals can be had at reasonable prices.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. W. H. Day of Los Angeles will be the preacher at Stanford on Sunday April the 25th.

The Rev. R. B. Larkin has resigned as home missionary and conference superintendent in Southern California.

The Boulevard Congregational Church will be dedicated next Sunday. Services begin at 3 o'clock. Sermon by Dr. Brooks.

The Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks will go on Monday next to Avalon, Catalina Island, where he will be one of the speakers at the Retreat to be conducted there by Southern California Congregationalists.

The Congregational Church at Santa Barbara is being supplied by the Rev. George Greenfield, a Presbyterian minister formerly of Elko, Nevada. The Rev. W. C. Merrill, who was pastor there for several years, is arranging to go East at an early date.

At the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday, President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary will speak on Congregationalism as It is in the East—impressions received during his recent visit in that part of the country.

The Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick has returned from Japan and will take up again in this country the work of the Federal Council of Churches for the bringing about of such understanding and such relations between the people of this country and Japan as will maintain and further the existing friendship.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

voted into our membership last Sunday.

San Rafael.—The Rev. C. C. Champlin has presented his resignation as pastor at San Rafael and has accepted a call to Pittsburg. He will enter on the work at Pittsburg about the middle of April.

San Francisco, Bethany.—G. A. Charnock and A. W. Palmer led with inspiring discussions and addresses the Efficiency meeting Wednesday evening.—Rev. C. W. Merrill gave a delightful account of getting out of Bulgaria, at the Brotherhood meeting March 17th.—Nine persons were

Oakland, Fourth.—Our change of front! It is a joy to note the completion of the first in a series of church improvements. The parlors on the south side,—formerly used by the Ladies' Aid Society—have been remodelled, making a large and beautiful room for the use of the Women's Association. Several pairs of ornamental French doors, (which snugly fold together) connect this with the main assembly room in the front of the church making possible the use of the whole for lectures, moving pictures or entertainments.—The new entrance from Grove street leads directly to the Women's Association parlors through a covered vestibule, also completed with French doors, adding light and beauty. The brussels carpet which covers this large assembly room and parlors is the gift of the Women's Association and is in design the same as that used in the auditorium adjoining—while the amount placed in the hands of the trustees for the remodelling was gratuitously and cheerfully subscribed by the church members and friends. Under the direction of Mr. Campbell the transforming power of the Christian Endeavorers is bring-

ing into visibility attractive flower beds about the church and altogether, with our freshly tinted walls, our "change of front" and our new dress we feel quite ready for Easter day. And not this alone. Mr. Campbell is wide awake to every opportunity for church improvement and is leading to high and enlightened trains of thought.

THE EFFICIENCY MEETING IN SUNSET CHURCH SAN FRANCISCO.

Rev. G. D. Yoakum of Berkeley and Rev. J. H. Williams acting pastor at Palo Alto, in connection with the Efficiency Campaign, visited the Sunset Church, San Francisco on Thursday evening, March 26.

Whatever may have been the result to the church visited, it was a delightful evening to the visitors. It was a surprise to find a church with an active membership of less than thirty, so well organized, and with all branches of the church work being carried forward in accordance with such high ideals. It was a pleasure to sit at the table, after the bountiful supper served by the ladies, and listen to the reports from all branches of their church life—the Sunday school, Ladies Aid, Boys' club and Girls' club etc. It would be difficult to improve upon the course of study outlined by the Sunday school superintendent, and being closely followed in the school which has an average attendance of about one hundred. This church is certainly doing bravely with the resources at its command. With a good gymnasium and a better equipment for social purposes this church might double its efficiency in that section of the city. At the close of the conference each of the visitors made an address on some practical church matters, and left, feeling very closely drawn to Rev. George A. Charnock, the pastor, and his loyal flock. J. H. W.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Rev. Herbert G. Crocker, formerly the pastor of the Atkinson Memorial Church (Congregational) in this city is now living on a farm a few miles from Newberg. Yamhill county, twenty-three miles south of this city. He located there a little over two years ago, and soon afterwards was invited to preach in a country neighborhood. He accepted the invitation. Not long afterwards another country neighborhood a few miles in another direction, desired his services to which he responded, and now he holds services alternately in these places. As these services brought him into very cordial relations with both communities, he conceived the idea of organizing, experimentally, what he called a "Winter Chautauqua" to last four days, alternating between the two districts, a morning, afternoon and evening session each day. After a good deal of effort he secured persons from Portland and other parts of the State together with local talent, and provided an excellent programme for the four days, which was carried out with great profit to the respective neighborhoods, the residents of the same indicating their approval by hearty co-operation as well as excellent attendance.

Rev. Anthony Donat (not Donot, as I saw it printed once), of the Riverside Congregational Church, Hood River, has been rewarded by his zealous and untiring effort for a number of months past by the addition of twenty-one members to the church recently, sixteen of them on confession of faith. At the annual church banquet a short time ago, three hundred and fifty persons were present at a turkey dinner served by the men of the church, following which were a number of toasts on the general theme of "Congregational Fellowship." Mr. Donat is scout master of several patrols, director of a girls' vested choir and boys' choir, and the Hood River Chorus, with a membership of more than one hundred. For beauty of situation the city of Hood River can scarcely be surpassed. It lies on the south side of the Columbia River, in the heart of the Cascade Mountains, midway between Mountains Hood and Adams, fifty miles apart, always covered with perpetual snow, each peak being over two miles high. The Columbia Highway, now under construction, will be in the front rank among the most notable scenic highways of the earth not alone of America. This is the testimony of world wide travellers. This will be completed in the early summer.

Today is the fifty-first birthday of Dr. Luther K. Dyott, pastor of the First Church of this city. He celebrated it in an unique and yet a very commendable way last Friday by taking the initiative in arranging for a dinner for more than two hundred newsboys in the church parlors. Governor James Withycombe, himself a newsboy in his youth, Mayor Albee, several representatives from the city newspapers, and a number of the lay members of the church, were among the speakers. All in all, the occasion was one of great interest, and Dr. Dyott, who presided, declared that it was "the happiest birthday" that he ever had.

Porland, March 28 1915.

The Home.

AT EASTER TIME.

The little flowers came through the ground
At Easter time, at Easter time;
They raised their heads and looked around
At happy Easter time.
And every pretty bud did say,
Good people, bless this holy day,
For Christ is risen, the angels say,
At happy Easter time!"

The pure white lily raised its cup
At Easter time, at Easter time;
The crocus to the sky looked up
At happy Easter time.
"We'll hear the song of Heaven!" they say,
"Its glory shines on us today.
Oh! may it shine on us alway
At holy Easter time!"

'Twas long, and long, and long ago,
That Easter time, that Easter time;
But still the pure white lilies blow
At happy Easter time.
And still each little flower doth say,
"Good Christians, bless this holy day,

For Christ is risen, the angels say,
At blessed Easter time!"

—Laura E. Richards.

PAST MERIDIAN.

Helen H. Thomas.

"It is all very well to talk of being 'as young as you feel,' but years will tell! If you take exceptions to my assertion, auntie, just look here!"

Saying this, Mrs. Seymour shook loosely the luxuriant hair, which had once been her pride, and, with a long-drawn sigh, added: "But you have, of course, noticed the gray hairs, for I see them with my eyes shut, and I confess that it breaks my heart to think that they have come to stay, and that the number will increase instead of lessen."

"Yes, dear," rejoined Mrs. Putnam, "I saw an occasional silver thread the day of my arrival, thinking what a striking woman your mother was at middle life, with her dark eyes and silver hair, I felt like extending congratulations instead of pity."

"Oh, it is not the white hair that I mind after all, auntie, but it is the thought of growing old that strikes a chill to my heart," was the sighing reply.

"That seemed to be your bugbear when a child, even, Alice. Children, as a rule, are eager to don long dresses and play lady, but you were an exception, for you used often to say, 'I never want to grow up!' I recall, too, that on your mother's fortieth birthday, when you were but a child of ten, we missed you, and that after a long search I found you in the summer-house, crying as if your heart would break, and how, after much coaxing, you sobbed: 'I don't want my mamma to die! Oh, I don't want her to die!'

"Then, when I anxiously inquired why you were so distressed about your mother, who was a picture of health, you wailed: 'Cause she's forty; an' she'll have to die pretty quick, she's so old!' "

"I recall it distinctly, auntie, and my grief was very real to me, too(for from my short perspective mother seemed too aged to long survive," was the laughing reoinder. "What an absurd fancy it was, too! Forty! Why, I have reached that age myself and still count myself young—or would if it were not for the silver threads which are a constant reminder that I have, in reality, left my youth behind me."

"Well, really, dear, if that is the case I cannot see that the mother to the child has gained greatly in wisdom," ventured the aunt, with a suggestive smile.

Mrs. Seymour readily caught her meaning, and, with a shrug of her shoulders, retorted:

"Yes, I am still up to my old tricks of making age my bugbear, but how can one help it when—when it is so dreadful to grow old."

"Alice, I must confess that it grieves me to hear you talk so, for it is a reflection on aged people, in a measure."

This was said with a vein of sadness, which was something so unusual to the aunt, long past meridian, that her niece, in a penitent tone, hastened to say:

"Forgive me, auntie, but I never think of you as old, for you are always so sunny and bright; but—well, I cannot rid myself of my constant nightmare, in spite of your beautiful example, for it is ever present."

"But, dear, you are making as great a mistake as you did thirty years ago, in marring the present as you do. For age will surely bring to you its compensations, as it has to me."

A shake of the head, accompanied by another sigh, was followed by:

"We are so differently constituted, auntie, that you can not enter into my feelings, much as you love me, for your sweet, placid face is proof that your youth was not marred by dread of the inevitable."

"On the contrary, my dear niece, I made the same mistake in my youth that you are making. I was called a beauty in my girlhood and, like you, I felt that life would not be worth the living when age robbed me of my dreams. But, thank God! the years that stole away my youth and brought me anguish, and loss of property as well, opened my eyes to the fallacy of all that, and enabled me to see with clearer vision and face the future unafraid."

"O, you make me ashamed of my weakness and I will try to overcome it, but I never can hope to wear gray hair with the sweet dignity that you do," said the niece, as with tear-filled eyes she looked fondly into the face which gave little evidence of the battles fought. "But perhaps I would forget self, in a measure, if I were tried as you have been, dear, brave auntie."

"No doubt of it. That is, if amid the possible tempest your faith is sufficient to enable you to cling to Christ in spite of all. In my night of sorrow I saw only a starless sky, for a time, and I thought the morning would never come, but one by one the stars came out and songs in the night were mine."

"And you have kept on singing ever since," said the niece, with love-light in her eyes, "for you are so sunny I would not have supposed it possible that you, too, were once fearful of time's ravages. This revelation is a lesson to me, auntie, and it is surely a comfort to know that even age has its compensations."

"It certainly has, in many ways," was the hearty rejoinder. "For instance, the restlessness of youth gives place to tranquillity such as must have been the portion of the one who wrote:

" 'I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong somewhere
That lies the root of right;
That even sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;
But as sure as the sun brings morning
Whatever is, is best.' "

SHINE OUT, O STAR!

Arise and shine, O Star of the Morning!
Darkness wings onward, and past is the night.
Behold! Through the dawn the Master is crossing,
The Victor of Death and the bearer of light.

Shine out, O Star! For Christ hath arisen;
Triumphed at last 'midst disaster and loss;
Broken Death's fetters, he comes 'midst the living,
The Christ who was slain, whom they nailed on a cross.

Shine well, O Star! The Master hath risen;
Conquerer, Redeemer, he stands in his might.
God's angels and men, one anthem uplifting,
Wing Easter song on through the vistas of light.

—George Klingle.

THE LEGEND OF THE LILY.

(An Easter Message.)

Fair Lebanon and white-topped Hermon greet
A new day with its gifts—the quiet town
Close sheltered by th' encircling, sun-kissed heights,
Hides the peaceful vale; soft breezes blow
Across the cornfields and the cactus hedge;
The slopes are colored with wild hollyhocks,
The olive and the fig-tree fringe with bloom
The lanes of Nazareth, where long ago
The son of Mary and of Joseph played
With other lads, care-free and full of life.
Beyond the town, the Virgin's Fountain stands
Where Mary and the village women went
To draw pure water from th' unfailing spring
And where they lingered, greeting neighbor, friend,
Telling the homely tales of love and life.
Here, by his Mother, Jesus sat and watched
The women come and go, and none but had
A word and smile for Him, they dimly felt
Divinity, but wist not of the truth.
At length child Jesus, restless, begged to join
His comrades who soft clay were fashioning
In shapes of bird or flower. Permission gained,
He worked with busy hands and active brain
Until the semblance of a lily won
His Mother's words of praise for patient skill.
Softly he breathed upon the lily, lo,
He held a living flower, with fragrance rare.
What wondrous change is here from death to life!
The other lads breathed on their clay in vain—
The miracle the Master must perform.
But Mary knew the truth and on her knees
She prayed for Him who was to wear the crown
Of thorns, hope of humanity, her Son.
So runs the legend, and I like to think
That in it highest meaning may be found
By him who rightly reads its mystery,
And ne'er mistakes the symbol for the soul.
Our deeds are images of clay, until
The breath of life divine transforms dull earth
To spirit—amaranthine flowers to bloom
Within Gods garden of the golden grail.
Today the Easter lily sweet and fair
Wafts fragrance over Christendom, symbol
Of immortality, of life beyond.
So shall it bloom and bless, a fadeless flower,
If love the holy offering inspire
And self be lost in service—then will life
Eternal here begin, and all the hours
Be angels bringing gifts from Paradise.

—Gertrude Field.

TEACHING THE CHILDREN TO SAVE.

The systematic saving of a certain part of one's income is to be commended, and mothers should strive to get their children into this habit while they are quite young. It has been noticed many times that the children who are taught to save their pennies and nickels are the ones who make the substantial business men and women. In a broad sense, success in business merely means saving—the spending of less than one earns.

Too many mothers foster a habit of extravagance in their children by permitting them to spend money foolishly. While the spirit of saving should not be exercised to the extent that the children are denied playthings and the pleasures that go with youth, the indiscriminate spending of pennies and nickels for candy and sweets should not be tolerated. The writer knows a woman who was so kind to her five-year-old daughter that she allowed her unrestricted freedom in the purchase of candy, cakes and nuts. When told of the evil consequences that might result from such a habit, the mother replied that when she was a child she was denied the things she permitted her daughter to have, and she wanted her child to enjoy her childhood to the fullest. The child is now ten years old and shows the effects of her mother's "kindness." She is sickly and undersized and shows all the effects of malnutrition. The writer does not wish to convey the impression that children should be denied candies and sweets, but rather that they should not eat these to the exclusion of the more solid and nourishing foods.

Teaching the children to put their pennies and nickels in a savings bank not only teaches them thrift, but saves their stomachs as well.

In teaching children to save, it should be borne in mind that the object to be attained is to inculcate business principles and not miserly tendencies. A miser is the most miserable and despicable person on earth. He values money not for the good or pleasure it will bring, but because it is money, because it is hard to obtain. So in teaching the children habits of thrift, it is well to ever hold before them that money, in itself, is nothing, but it is a business equipment, a means of bringing happiness and pleasure to one in after-life.

As children get older, the habit of thrift and saving can still further be encouraged by permitting them to make small investments with money they have saved. A farmer living in the writer's neighborhood says that his fine farm of 200 acres, valued at $100 an acre, can be traced to an investment he made when but a boy. When 14 years old, he drew his money out of the bank and purchased three pigs. The pigs increased and multiplied, and by the end of the year he had not only returned the original sum to the bank, but had as a clear profit, ten fine shoats. The profit from his pigs soon enabled him to purchase ten acres of land, and the profit from the land so purchased enabled him to purchase more land. He gradually added to his farm until now, when but 25 years old, he has one of the finest farms in the country.

Along with the habit of saving, our boys and girls should be taught business principles, should be taught to depend upon their own resources and reasoning, to a certain extent, at least.—Olive Richey, in The Indiana Farmer.

For The Children.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BEST SCHOLAR.

It was a hot day, a dreadfully hot day. The master's hair stuck out all over his head in little wisps where he had run his fingers through. The red got into the master's face until it could not get any redder and then it got into his nose. Perhaps that is what made him so cross.

It was Friday, and Friday afternoons we did not have regular lessons, but speaking pieces and compositions; and answering questions we had passed in, and sometimes we had a little dialogue. The girls thought that was great fun, but the boys always tried to shirk, and we had to coax them like everything.

This afternoon was one of the afternoons when we were going to have a dialogue, and the boys who took part in it

were excused from speaking a piece. But they stayed out and spoiled it. Master Goodhue squeezed up his eyebrows until they made great wrinkles between his eyes, right over his nose, and he scolded over the composition, and said Mary Edgerly's was about good enough for the waste-basket. Mary Edgerly writes the loveliest compositions and always takes the prizes.

But the boys, dear me! they did not half have their pieces, and we had to laugh it was so funny, the way they looked and acted. Master Goodhue scolded and said they should not go home until they had learned their recitations. And we were all going down to the meadow after school to ride home on a load of hay in Mr. Hurd's bungalow. We had been waiting a week for the tide in the river to get right.

It was pretty still after that and the boys did not take their eyes off their books—the boys that missed their pieces, I mean. As for Benny Lynch, he was always studying. He was the best scholar in school. Minnie Atwood was playing paper dolls under her desk. She always got her lessons quickly, and she never was caught when she was playing. Sometimes it seemed as if Master Goodhue was looking right at her, but she would look at him as cool as you please and put her handkerchief to her mouth and cough a little and turn a leaf of her history which she had open on her desk.

I sat next to Minnie, and I played with her sometimes, but it made me nervous and then it took most of my time to get my lessons. I used to wish I was like Minnie. She played a long time and then she stopped and wrote a note and showed it to me. It was for Benny Lynch. This is what it said:

Benny Lynch, I think you are a coward. You won't fight Tom Holt. He was rude to me, and he deserves a thrashing. I am going to the meadow with Alec Morse.

We were going to the meadow in couples and Benny always chose Minnie. Now I would not write such a note as that to such a nice boy as Benny Lynch, and I shook my head at Minnie. She gave her head a toss, and then seeing the master coming up the aisle she hustled the envelopes with her doll things and the note under her desk. But as quick as his back was turned she slipped out an envelope, sealed it and put Benny's name on it.

The girls and boys passed it along and we watched Benny take it and open it and draw out—what do you think? **A paper doll!**

It came so sudden and Benny looked so funny that Minnie and I giggled before we thought, and Master Goodwho was standing half-way up the aisle, turned quick as a wink and before anybody knew what was happening he had grabbed the doll and walked Benny by the back of his collar out in the floor before the school. He went to the desk and brought the mucilage and stuck the doll on the end of Benny's finger and made him hold his arm out straight.

"Here is a boy who can't find anything to do in school but play doll babies," said the master.

The girls giggled and the boys hawhawed right out for a minute, and then they all looked down on their books. They all knew Benny did not deserve it, for he never did anything but study. His face was redder than the master's.

"I did not know we had such a genius in school," said Master Goodhue, "this is quite artistic; did you make it without any help?"

"I did not make it," said Benny.

Minnie turned white; she knew what the next question would be.

"Who did make it?" asked the master.

Bennie made no answer.

"Don't lie out of it; better own up," said the master. "Either you own up or tell who this thing does belong to."

Minnie trembled so I was afraid the master would notice her. She held her head down close to her book and put her hand up to the side of her face next the aisle.

And there Benny had to stand; **Benny Lynch,** the best scholar in school!

I felt so bad it seemed as if I should jump right out of my seat and pull that doll off Benny's finger and tear it to bits. Every time Benny's arm got crooked the master would hit it with his ruler and make some comical remark about the doll; we had to laugh a little, but we tried not to. Every time, I could see Minnie start as if she was the one that was hit.

At last I could not stand it any longer and I raised my hand. "That is not Benny's doll," I said. "I saw the envelope handed to him and I saw him open it and take it out and how surprised he was; you turned around and saw it before he had time to do anything."

Benny looked at me gratefully. The master scowled: "So this is some of your work."

I shook my hear; I was almost crying.

Then he said, "Do you know whose it is?"

Of course I would not answer him, and he said, getting crosser every minute, "Well, can you tell who handed the envelope to the young man?"

Of course I would not answer that either. I was holding my head down so he could not see that I was almost crying. Then a smothered "Oh-h-h!" came from the school. I looked up and there was Minnie walking down the aisle like a queen. She went straight to Benny, pulled off the doll and gave him a little push toward his seat. Then she turned to Master Goodhue: "This is my doll," she said; "it was sent by mistake. What are you going to do about it?"

Her face was flaming red, but she looked at the master as calm as you please. The master likes what he calls "spunk," and I knew by the way his mouth twitched at the corners that his cross fit was gone. "Take your seat," he said, "and see that you make no more mistakes."

After school Minnie went to Benny's desk and asked for the envelope and he gave it to her and she put it in her pocket and he never knew a thing about the note which was inside all the time. "You are the bravest boy in school," said Minnie.—Mildred Norman.

THE WISHING GIRL.

She wished to see strange countries
Or, better still, a queen;
She wished she were a princess—
That she had never seen.

She saw the wealthy ladies
And wished to take their place;
She wished for their fine jewels,
Their satins and their lace.

She wished that all her duties
Were changed to play and fun,
Or, that, by merely wishing,
Her duties could be done.

But strange, with all her wishing,
She never wished to be
The helpful and unselfish child
That others wished to see.

—Morning Star.

The Cloud Maker says it is going to storm,
And we're sure to have awful weather,
Just terrible wet, or cold, or warm,
Or, maybe, all three together.
But while his spirit is overcast
With the gloom of his dull repining,
The one with the song comes smiling past,
And lo! the sun is shining.

The Cloud Maker tells me the world is wrong,
And is bound in an evil fetter,
But the Blue Sky Man comes bringing a song
Of hope that shall make it better,
And the toilers, hearing his voice, behold
The sign of a glad tomorrow.
His heart is full of the purest gold
Of which each heart may borrow.

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